



THE GAME OF LIFE.  
A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. Saxe.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called *Ecce Homo*,  
(Though I never have played it, for pleasure or lure.)  
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,  
The players appear to have changed their positions,  
And one of them cries, in a confident tone,  
"I think I may venture to go it alone!"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's,  
A moral to draw from the skirmish of cards,  
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife  
Some excellent hints for the Battle of Life;  
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne—  
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world  
Is a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,  
And got—get a convert—for all of his pains,  
But only derision and prison and chains,  
"It moves, for all that," was his answering tone,  
For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone!"

When Kepler, with intellect piercing afar,  
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,  
And doctors, who ought to have lauded his name,  
Divided his learning and blazoned his fame,  
"I can wait!" he replied, "till the truth you shall own,"  
For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone!"

Alas! for the player who idly depends  
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends;  
Whatever the value of blessings like these,  
They can never atone for his losses and woes,  
Nor comfort the coward who finds, with a groan,  
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold,  
Health, family, fortune, wit, beauty and gold—  
The unfortunate owner may fairly regard  
As, each in its way, a most excellent card;  
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,  
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,  
Is law or in love, it is ever the same;  
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto—*RELY ON YOURSELF!*  
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,  
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

A HOMILY ON A HOMILY.

BY DOUGLAS A. LEVINE.

I have read, witty Saxe, your last version on *Ecce Homo*—  
(It's a game I have played—although never for lure.)  
And if you but know it as well as I know it,  
You would find, oh most genial and excellent poet,  
It teaches a lesson more useful than one  
To be gleaned from the sentence—"I'll play it alone!"

Self-reliance, we know, is an excellent trait—  
The Advance Guard of Science, who patiently wait  
Until time has developed the truth they proclaim,  
Reserve a high place on the record of Fame,  
And often in life, as in *Ecce Homo*, I own  
You make a big march when you "play it alone!"

But to "go it alone," you no doubt understand,  
You must hold the Big Knave of the pack in your hand,  
And too often in life, in a similar fix,  
You depend on such cards to secure you the tricks,  
So that something too much of the knave may be shown  
In a selfish desire to "go it alone!"

But the game you describe as a "trivial strife,"  
Has a moral to point for the Battle of Life.  
It is this: When the cards are dealt round on the stand,  
And each player looks anxiously into his hand,  
How bravely your partner will look on the stand,  
If cheered by the sound of your voice—"I'll assist!"

The great Galileo, imprisoned and bound,  
In the midst of his trials was sympathetically found.  
When angry Dominicans hurled at his head  
All the wrath on which bigotry's passion is fed,  
A fair form appeared through the dungeon's dim mist,  
And a daughter's soft voice whispered low—"I'll assist!"

What's the worth of this world, if, desolating and cold,  
You selfishly seek all the honors to hold?  
Repelling your neighbors with glances of stone,  
And the words, harshly spoken, "I'll play it alone!"  
No, not higher up on humanity's list  
Is he who can cheerfully say—"I'll assist!"

Then in love! Oh, rash poet! if she whose bright eyes  
Are gazing at you with a leader surprise,  
Should apply to you own card the moral you've shown,  
And quietly tell you to "play it alone!"  
With what passionate ardor those lips would be kissed,  
Till they murmured once more the soft words—"I'll assist!"

Then shuffle the pack! Cut the cards once again,  
And let a new moral awaken your strain!  
Go! teach to the world that the Battle of Life  
May be lightened to all who take part in the strife,  
If the generous lesson thus taught be not misused,  
And each man that his neighbor will say—"I'll assist!"

A HOMILY ON A "HOMILY ON A HOMILY."

BY G. W. PETERS.

By their verses on *Ecce Homo*, 'tis evident quite,  
Neither Saxe nor the Douglas regard it aright;  
Since the first would refuse all assistance to own,  
And boldly at all times "attempt it alone!"  
While the latter, unable his foe to resist,  
Expects that his partner will always "assist!"

Now, if *Ecce Homo* illustrates the great Game of Life,  
It is not by *PASTORAL* aping the deity;  
There are times when a partner's assistance was vain,  
Since attempts to succeed were the enemy's gain.  
But he who plays *Ecce Homo*, or he who regards  
The Battle of Life as 'tis told by the cards,  
Must know when to "assist," though he hold in his hand  
The requisite bases on which he might stand;  
That, if his opponents rely on their power,  
They may find that a "bower" will shadow their "bower."

Dame Fortune, exulting her merciless will,  
May give to a player defeat to skill,  
Though held by the woe and the despair of foes,  
Then his power his power who takes the firm stand,  
And "orders the trump" to rattle "a lone hand."

There are "bridges," which carefully scan "ere you cross;  
You may count that as gain which appears as a loss.  
You are playing for "points" and may "give one or two,"  
And trust the "deal" to do something for you.  
No laws on the "trumps," risk the failure and blame,  
For counsel to a "bower" may give you the game.

Galileo and Kepler, who gild your refrain,  
As if to make classical, 'tis that were plain,  
"Play alone," were "assist" and "trumped" when they  
pleased,  
But when "playing alone," were most fearfully teamed,  
Had they known when "to pass," how to "let the trump be,"  
The last had been loved, and the first had been free.

What if Wilkes, on his purpose most earnestly bent,  
Had known "how to pass" when he met with the Trent?  
How rash, with his hand, to "attempt it alone,"  
And who should "assist" when the "bowers" were gone?  
Not Faneuil Hall, though with joy it was full,  
For Government passed it and "Euchred" John Bull.

You may draw your own moral, but this you must own,  
It is seldom with safety you "play it alone,"  
Nor must you "assist," if compelled to refuse,  
When the opposite party his "bowers" shall use—  
Since your partner may be out of "trumps" to compete—  
And the aid you vouchsafed makes his ruin complete.

Yes, draw your own moral, but *Ecce Homo* and Life  
Own their losses and gains an ephemeral strife.  
"Play alone," when you hold the "good cards" in the pack;  
"Assist" with the Ace, or the King and a Jack.  
"Pass" holding "both bowers"—on refusal to take,  
You can "make" it "the next" and "play what you make,"  
Look out for the "bridges," and cross if you choose,  
But with *Ecce Homo* and Life, play to win not to lose.

"EUCHRED."

BY THOMPSON WITH A P.

No wonder that Saxe should adopt as his own,  
The motto in *Ecce Homo*, "I'll go it alone!"  
For he once tried a march to the Governor's chair,  
But the assembly of friends could not quite place him there.  
He was *Ecce Homo*—the people didn't "order him up,"  
So he passed, and was forced disappointment to sup.

But it seems to me odd, that our poets and bards  
Moral sermons should preach from a cold deck of cards,  
And select as a theme for their rhymling staves  
A game in which all the best cards are the knaves.  
But I think "it's played out"—not the cards, but the game,  
For they'll *Ecce Homo* their readers and add naught to their fame.

There's one *Ecce Homo* poet who stands high on the list,  
Who seems quite enraptured with the words "I'll assist!"  
Seems to think that they teach a lesson most grand,  
To those who have back books and cash at command;  
For on genius it gives them a chance to bestow it,  
It's all very well,—but it *Ecce Homo* the poet.

The man with a Bar-Larr has taken a shine  
To *Ecce Homo*, and worships at Prudence's shrine;  
No tale of misfortune he can tell,  
And at misdeeds' call will not even *assist*;  
But when the last trump of the archangel is blown,  
Let him be *Ecce Homo*, and his mouldering alone.

When McDowell "took up" and towards Richmond to go,  
To give battle to Freedom's most treacherous foe,  
General Patterson must have been struck very hard,  
For he let Johnson pass and *assist* Beauregard.  
But I think that by Russell it can be well shown,  
That our army though *Ecce Homo*, didn't go it alone.

Those old cowboys who lived in times gone and past—  
Galileo and Co.—were not very fast;  
Knew nothing of *Ecce Homo*, the right of *Ecce Homo*,  
But could tell when "twas sunrise, perhaps, to an hour;  
But they never *Ecce Homo* the cards nor read the *Four Kings*,  
Or fought with the *Twins*—or other "big things."

If the bright smiles of beauty you wish to obtain,  
You must "order up" freely your "point" to attain;  
But the imbricate glass you must never "turn down,"  
If with success all your plans of this life you would crown;  
For even the "marion" of grim death you delay,  
In this battle of life, if a "square" game you play.

MORAL.

In this journey through life, should dame Fortune's dark frown  
Upon you be cast, let it never weigh you down;  
Should friends fail to "assist" and "pass" heedlessly by,  
And you should find "Ecce Homo" be—why still never say die—  
On the very next deal it might fall to your share  
A full hand of big *trumps*—so then never despair.

ACROBATS UP IN THE AIR;

OR,

THE FATAL TRIPLE SOMERSAULT.

A TALK OF CIRCUS PERILS.

Some few months back I was called in—I am a surgeon  
by profession—to attend a *Senor Tornados*, who, despite  
his name, was as true an Englishman, by birth and parentage,  
as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared.  
I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness,  
brought on by the overstrained tension of the  
muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope-  
dancer, slack and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; spritely,  
acrobatic, and bottle-equilibrant, and many other things  
which have escaped my memory.

The family consisted of his wife—a pale, sickly woman,  
somewhat older than himself—and a very handsome little  
girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the devotion of  
women by a sick bedside, and the irritability of male  
patients, the self-sacrifice of Madame Tornados and the  
demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of  
attention, surprised me. He was under my care for some  
months, and, as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar.  
One evening as he sat in an easy chair, propped up by  
pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I  
purposely suppress any professional technicalities and  
acrobatic argot, which would be unintelligible to the  
ordinary reader.

"You see, sir," he began, "my father was a hawker  
over in Lambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother,  
because she died when I was quite young. I don't know  
how it was I learned tumbling. The first I can remember  
is standing on my head close to Westminster Bridge,  
and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling. 'Now,  
my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did.  
'Now,' said he 'spring!' which I did, and came on my  
feet again. 'Good boy,' said he, and he patted me on  
the head. That gentleman, sir, was the great Mr. Ducrow.  
Well, sir, of course, after such encouragement from such  
a man, a tumbler I became. I encouraged neither pains nor  
trouble, and practised till I became master of my art and  
head of my profession.

"About seven years ago—I was just twenty-three—I  
first met with J. Mrs. Ranford, who was also in my line,  
and he proposed that we should work together. I con-  
sented, and we travelled about and exhibited at town-  
halls and assembly rooms, and large rooms at inns; but  
we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child, so I  
fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend him what  
little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman  
and a little baby go without while I had it, could I?

"Well, sir, things got from bad to worse; and my  
partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—  
he was always given that way—and, I am sorry to say,  
he used to beat his wife. Sometimes his blood was boiled,  
and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere.  
However, I used to cheer up the misuses as well as I  
could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to  
like me very much.

"One night, at a place called Peddithorpe, we had  
no audience at all. We were without money, and were  
asking each other what we should do, when the Squire's  
son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us  
to perform for them, which we did; and they gave us a  
couple of sovereigns, and more than that, asked us to  
supper at the hotel. After supper the Squire looked at  
one of our bills of the day, and said, 'Hollo! why, I see

you call yourselves Messrs. J. Ranford and W. Kerr. No  
wonder you get no audiences. I suppose these are your  
real names?' We answered that they were.

"Oh, that'll never do," he said. "You must have an  
alias; you mustn't let the public suppose that you  
are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rules of profes-  
sional etiquette. You must make out that you are for-  
eigners."

"Well, at that all the gentlemen began to laugh; but  
it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the  
future, we were to call ourselves 'The Two Foscari—the  
Spineless Siamese of Syria.'"

"Well, sir, from that moment Ranford and I began to  
do well; but I'm sorry to say that our good luck only  
caused my partner to drink the harder, and, in con-  
sequence, to behave more badly to his wife. His child  
he certainly was very fond of, partly, I think, because  
he had only known her a short time, for Ranford was  
one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he  
met a stranger he was all life and spirits, and he would  
do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he  
had known a man some time he didn't care for him, but  
grew cross and contradictory.

"At last we got an engagement at a garden near  
London, where there was a grand gala night every week,  
on which occasion a balloon ascended. I scraped ac-  
quaintance with the aeronaut, and one evening I went up  
with him. The sensation was singular; I cannot describe  
it, but I liked it very much. The aeronaut showed me  
how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw  
out the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing  
over London, he said to me:

"You couldn't do the slack rope up here, Foscari,  
could you?"

"Why not?" I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed  
upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it  
would be: 'Perilous performance of the two Foscari  
Brothers, who will go through their immitable evolu-  
tions on a slack wire suspended from a balloon floating  
thousands of yards above the surface of the earth.' A bal-  
loon, I thought, could bear the weight of two men  
outside it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of  
the car, and, when at a sufficient height, we could get out  
and perform.

"As soon as I reached ground I went to Ranford, who  
first laughed at the notion, and then agreed to it. The  
proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms.  
We did so; he tried to beat us down, but at last con-  
sented, and we went up and did it.

I interrupted him by asking if the danger was not ex-  
treme.

"Not a bit," replied my patient. "If I fell from a wire  
fifty feet from the ground, the chances are that I should  
break my neck; if I fell from a height of fifty miles I  
could do no more. Then, if our feet miss, we have our  
hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went  
up, and when we had risen a certain distance, we got out  
of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed  
odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with  
the gardens and the audience, and the houses and the  
trees, such a depth beneath us; but what struck me as  
being strangest, was when we hung head downwards,  
and looked up at the clouds. I used to feel that the  
earth could not be so very distant, for, high as we had  
risen, the sky seemed as far off from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was  
favorably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We  
were told that the act that thrilled the audience most was  
the last one we performed before descending. Ranford,  
who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with  
his head downwards; then taking hold of both his hands  
with both mine, I swung by their support; and then, by  
way of climax, I let go my left hand, and hung on only  
by my right. I never felt the least fear. We knew each  
other's grip, and it was all right.

"At first the aeronaut went up with us, but after a few  
times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that,  
had an accident happened to one, the other could have  
got safely down.

"We were earning a great deal of money, but I noticed  
that Mrs. Ranford looked paler and more careworn every  
day, and I knew how her husband was conducting him-  
self by that. She often told me that she wished they  
were poor again, as he had been much kinder in those  
times.

"One night—I shall never forget it—I was returning  
from the gardens, and, as I passed the door of Ranford's  
lodgings, little Evelina's nurse ran out to me, and said:  
'For Heaven's sake, sir, go in. Master and missus  
have had a dreadful quarrel, and missus is going to kill  
herself!'

"I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open.  
Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was  
toward me, but I could see her face in the large mirror  
that stood over the chimney-piece. She had a razor in  
her hand, and was about to use it on herself, when she  
caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She  
stopped, turned around, and fell upon the floor in a fit.  
I picked up the razor, put it in my pocket, and placed  
the poor woman on the sofa. Ranford came into the  
room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a  
demon.

"I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but  
he only made me jeering replies, such as, 'Oh, I under-  
stand—better than you think for! I'm not a fool!' 'I  
have got eyes and can see!' and so on, and I left the  
house with a heavy heart.

"Next day the nurse-girl told me that Ranford was  
jealous, and that he and his wife had quarreled about  
me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me,  
nor I to him. We both twirled and tumbled up in the  
air without exchanging a word.

"When we got down I felt inclined to give him a good  
thrashing for his unjust suspicions; but I kept my temper  
for the sake of the poor woman, and so we went on for  
eight or ten days.

"Our next ascent took place on the gala night of the  
United Order of Ancient Toxophilites. It was a still  
summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended  
till the gardens, and the streets, and the churches looked  
like Dutch toys, and then got out upon the rope.

"As I took my seat beside Ranford, I noticed that he  
had been drinking more than usual. He had lately  
taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes, and smiling  
with his lips tightly pressed together; and what with his  
knit brows, white teeth, spangled trunks, and the bit of  
ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre,  
he looked, as he sat swinging backward and forward in  
the air, more like an evil being than a man.

"We went through our performance, all but the last  
trick. As I was swinging from his two hands, the thought  
came into my head, if he should not hold on!

"As I let go with my left hand, and swung only by my  
right, I heard his voice above me.

"'Kerr,' he said, 'are you guilty or not?'

"I asked him what he meant.

"You know," he answered. "Confess that you have  
wronged me; speak the truth! They are your last words!  
I have but to loosen my grip, and down you go!"

"I tried to seize his disengaged arm, but he held it  
above my reach, and put his other in such a position  
that I could not catch at it, but swung entirely at his  
mercy.

"I leaped to reach the rope with my feet, and so hang  
by my heels, but I failed. I shut my eyes, and prayed  
Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed  
through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly con-  
scious of everything about me—the blue sky, the quiet  
evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's  
head inverted over me. I thought what a time I should  
be falling, falling. I knew how slowly the sand sank  
from the car, and what a long long time I should be  
dying ere I reached the earth.

"I found strength to speak.

"'Ranford,' I said, 'you are mistaken.'

"'You lie!' he answered.

"'If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There  
will be an inquest.'

"'I don't care.'

"'If it is known that there was ill-blood between us,' I  
continued, 'you may be hanged. Your wife will say  
how jealous—'

"'A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!'

"I knew the next moment I should be falling through  
the air. A spasm shot to my heart. I fancied I saw the  
bottom of the car rising from me. I felt the grasp of his  
fingers loosen! With the energy and strength of despera-  
tion, I leaped up, and caught his wrist with my disen-  
gaged hand. I climbed up his body, I knew not how,  
till I reached the porch, and thence into the car, where I  
lay panting for breath and trembling like a hare.

"He soon followed me.

"'I frightened you, didn't I?' he said. You don't  
suppose I meant it, do you?"

"I made no answer, but prepared for the descent.

While arranging the cordage our hands met. I could  
not bear his touch. I struck him, and knocked him into  
the bottom of the car, where he lay growling and swear-  
ing till we came to the ground.

"Next morning I called on the proprietor of the gar-  
dens and told him all. To my intense astonishment, he  
flatly refused to cancel our engagement, and said that  
our quarrels were nothing to him; that an agreement  
was an agreement, and business was business; that the  
performance drew crowds of visitors, and he insisted on  
its continuance. I told him that I would not risk my  
life again, and he threatened me with an action for  
breach of contract. Shortly after, I got an engagement  
at Glasgow, and left London without either seeing Ran-  
ford or his unfortunate wife and child.

"Two years passed away, during which I heard but  
little of my late partner. While I was performing at  
Manchester, I heard of an old friend of mine, of the  
name of Coobie, being at a circus in a neighboring town.  
I took the train and I went over to see him. We dined,  
and at seven o'clock we went together to the circus.  
Lounging near the entrance, I saw Ranford. He was  
considerably altered—thinner, and, if possible, more  
evil-eyed than ever.

"I know that man," I said to Coobie.

"I know you do," my friend replied. "He calls him-  
self the excelsior or champion somersault thrower of  
the world. He is on the bills for a treble somersault to-  
night."

"You know, sir, that a treble somersault means  
standing on a spring-board, throwing your heels up, and  
turning completely round three times in the air before  
you light upon your feet. I need not say that it is a  
very difficult thing to do.

"I said to Coobie, 'It's odd that a man who drinks so  
hard should be capable of such a feat.'

"His engagement depends on it," was the reply;  
'we're full in every other line. The governor told him  
that he'd sign articles with him for that, but not for any-  
thing else. Ah! he sees you.'

"I turned round, and saw Ranford walking quickly  
from us. I entered the circus, and was accommodated  
with a seat in the orchestra. I could not help thinking  
of my old partner, and had a strange nervousness upon  
me, as if something was about to happen; but the  
feeling wore off when Ranford came into the ring. The  
audience applauded loudly, for he had thrown a treble  
somersault twice before, and was a favorite in conse-  
quence.

"I saw that he was not sober, and I noticed that he had  
the same little star upon his forehead that he wore the  
last time we made an ascent together. While the grooms  
were altering the position of the spring board, he walked  
up to the orchestra, and with the old devilish smile upon  
his face, said to me:

"'You can't keep away, then, can't you? You will come!'

"'Ranford,' I whispered 'you're not yourself to-night;  
take my advice—don't throw a treble!'

"He swore an oath, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"'You want me to fail, do you?' he said. 'Fail when  
you're here! Hi!—yoo-p—la!'

"He ran up to the spring board, bowed, and kissed his  
hands. The music began. He threw several single  
somersaults, then a double one; then he stopped and crossed  
his arms, and looked at me. The audience were very en-  
thusiastic, and he began again, repeated the performance,  
and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he  
turned toward me, smiling, as if he said, 'Now!' and went  
to work a third time. He made some little preparation,  
turned over once or twice. The house was so silent that  
you might have heard a pin drop. He got the spring,  
and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my  
mouth, for I saw he had not room to throw a third time.  
His head came down with a horrible thud among the tan  
and saw dust; and he lay in the ring, doubled up and dead!

"A surgeon came out of the boxes, who said that his  
neck was broken, and that death must have been instan-  
taneous. I faltered. When I came to I saw his body be-  
ing carried out of the ring.

"Well, sir, I was pitched upon to be the bearer of the  
sad news to the widow. I'll pass over that. I was sur-  
prised to find that, in spite of his cruel usage, she still  
was very fond of him. I kissed the child who had grown  
a fine little girl, and returned to Manchester the next day.  
I attended the funeral, of course. Ranford hardly left a  
pound behind him. I gave the widow an address that  
would always find me, and told her to write whenever—  
when—if she wanted—that is, whenever she required as-  
sistance.

"First, the poor thing tried to set up a school for chil-  
dren, but that failed; and, knowing that she must some-  
times be pressed, I often sent to her. I don't know how  
it came about, but, after a long correspondence and a  
courtship, I married her; and here she comes with my  
beef tea—and here comes Evelina; for that's the very wo-  
man, sir, and that's the very little girl, and a real beauty  
she is!"



SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

## LETTER FROM THE WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, March 14, '62.

DEAR CLIPPER—INVALUABLE JOURNAL—People were surprised one morning this week to learn that our army had advanced to Manassas, and that the rebels had beaten another hasty retreat. It came upon them like a flash. No one could tell how it was brought about, or by what influence it was effected; although it was deemed morally certain that some newspaper man, editor, reporter, or correspondent—of all whom, in their estimation, "are the only ones to fight"—was "the power behind the throne," that set the two armies in motion. Now that there can be no harm done by "letting the cat out of the bag," I take great pleasure in saying that I did the deed; that I brought all the weightings of my pen to bear upon old Abe, and he was unable to stand the pressure. "Abe," I said, modestly and without the least egotism, "Abe, you've got to do something; the boys have almost taken root on the quiet shores of the Potomac, and they either want a fight, or they want to go home." Abe eyed me knowingly—the corners of his vociferous mouth moved, while a smile was perceptible on his open countenance. I knew what was intended. "None of that, Abe," I interposed—I don't want any stories or jokes; I want an onward movement; the boys are 'spilling' for a fight, and you've got to let 'em loose." Says Abe—"Now, look here, Queen; did you ever hear the story—?" I stopped him at once. "Abe Lincoln, show yourself Abe L. to—?" "That's good," says he, interrupting me, supposing I had intended to put upon his name. I pretended not to notice this, and resumed: "Honest Abe, throw aside the petty and old fogy notions which seem to have guided your course of conduct heretofore, and come forth in all your own loftiness of purpose, with an iron will to do and dare." This knocked one of his pins from under him. I saw that he already began to waver; and taking advantage of the hold I had upon him, I returned to the attack. "Abraham, be a man, a manly man, a man of function, and take my advice. To use the language of the immortal Shakespeare—'The Southern wind doth play the trumpet to his purpose; and by his hollow whistling in the leaves, foretells a tempest and blustering day.' " "That's pretty," said Abe; "but you know there ain't no leaves now," and he looked straight at me, and laughed right out. This riled me—says I, "Abe Lincoln, this ain't no time for jokes, and you ain't the man to be trying 'em on me. You've made enemies of Horace Greeley and Beecher and Mrs. Stowe with your damn foolin', and if you don't want the country knocked higher than a kite, don't make an enemy of me. I represent the fighting interests of America, and if you are workin' for the salvation of the country, keep in with me! If you mean to let the old ship of State go down, why, I'm going ashore. If you take my advice, all will go well; if you rely upon your own meagre resources, there's no hope for the nation." "Queen," says he, "you're a brick—dust has been thrown in my eyes by other newspaper men, but you make everything clear. I'll see McClellan, and have the forward movement commenced at once. May be you would accept a Brigadier Generalship as a slight token of my esteem for you as a man of genius, and for your disinterested advice." "No," said I, proudly, all the reward I ask is to see my poor country once more restored to the position it once held among the nations of the earth; besides, I have an interest in several contracts, which pay much better than Generalships." With tears in his weather-beaten eyes, old Abe grasped me by the hand; but he was too full for utterance. To see one honest man among the thousands of dishonest ones by whom he is surrounded, was too much for his overburdened heart; and Abraham Lincoln, the President of a great republic, in the fullness of his grief, sank upon a crimson lounge, and gave vent to a flood of tears; while I, not wishing to intrude upon his privacy, slowly emerged into the open air, leaving Abraham a wiser, but a sadder man. In twenty-four hours more, the grand army of the Potomac was on the move. And I did it all. But for me, our army would still be wasting their time away in "Penny-ante," "Seven up," and "Rochre." In my next, I will show you how the "Monitor" came to be at Hampton Roads in time to beat off the rebel monster Merrimac.

TAKING BILLIARD TABLES.—The tax bill which has just been submitted to Congress by the Committee of Ways and Means, proposes, we perceive, to levy on billiard tables to the tune of twenty dollars annually. Now this exorbitant sum is evidently too much, particularly when contrasted with the comparatively light tax upon carriages, pianos, etc.; and will have the effect of preventing the introduction of billiard tables, which in cities at least are little short of a necessity, into private dwellings; besides shutting up many of the best if not all our billiard saloons, and, as a consequence, drive our young men into other avenues of pleasure and amusement, in no wise less equal as a recreative pastime, but on the other hand, terribly subversive of health and morals. Home and parlor amusements for winter, should by all means be fostered, not taxed. The reasons are obvious. Furthermore, this heavy tax on billiard tables will defeat the end desired, because, under such a tariff, few will be used, therefore little will be the revenue. A lighter tax, say of \$5 or \$10 at most, would be much better, and yield more to the U. S. Treasury, or our legislators if they exhibit wisdom, will see to it that no such exorbitant embargo will be levied on them. They will do well too, to take a leaf out of the sagacious Louis Napoleon's book, and foster and encourage the pastimes of the people, and they will more cheerfully submit to being taxed in other and more just directions.

Since writing the above, we have received a circular published by Mr. Michael Phelan of this city, intended to be distributed among our representatives at Washington. The arguments therein used are forcible and pungent, and as Mr. Phelan has had more experience in the manufacture of billiard tables, than any man in the country, and therefore knows of what he writes, his opinions and arguments will not fail of having their effect. He says:—"I desire in behalf of those who find a healthful recreation at the game of Billiards, the keepers of Billiard Tables for public play, and the manufacturers of them, to offer to your attention some considerations against a tax oppressive in amount, and therefore, inexpedient as well as unjust. The bill before you proposes to tax each table kept for use, twenty dollars a year. Now, if the sole object of the measure is to bring money to the public Treasury, as it ought to be, this excessive tax is calculated to frustrate the end in view. A small impost upon each would yield a larger aggregate amount, and this ought to be conclusive against the tax reported by the Committee. It is erroneously conceived that almost all those to be affected by this measure are in opulent circumstances. This is not the case. The makers and keepers of the tables are only moderately prosperous, not gathering any larger profit from their capital invested than most other business occupations. Nor are the majority of the players, generally, in easy circumstances. The game is almost the sole means of healthful recreation to mechanics and clerks in cities. Among the German population it is in especial use and favor. One or two tables are commonly kept by those who sell beer and wine. These persons are to be chargeable with a license of twenty dollars and the twenty dollars additional for the Billiard Table will simply drive it out of use in all such places. There are thousands of other small establishments, frequented by clerks and mechanics after business hours for the enjoyment of this game, whose profits are too small to bear so great a tax. In these the tables will disappear. In those where three have been hitherto kept, only one will be retained; and those who have had nine will keep but three. A tax of five dollars each would produce a larger revenue than this proposed, twenty, and if revenue is the object, it ought to be substituted. If, however, the real aim is to prevent playing the Game of Billiards except by the rich, to destroy the manufacture of the Tables, and distress the mechanics thus employed, the measure is sure to effect it. If it is persisted in, Billiards will become what some think it is now, an exclusive amusement of the wealthy. Some think they have found a sufficient justification for this exorbitant tax in the allegation that Billiards is a luxury—'men can do without playing Billiards.' Yes! and if this tax is laid, the majority will do without them; in which case, how is the Treasury to get the money it might have received under a moderate impost? A tax so high as to amount to a practical prohibition to large classes of the people, cuts its own throat.

The Committee appear to me to have made an unjust and invidious distinction between Billiard Tables and some other articles not of prime necessity. A carriage worth more than six hundred dollars is to be taxed ten dollars. It is an article of luxury and display solely within the means of the wealthy. For convenience and utility one worth half as much is just as good. Upon this article, only used to display the luxurious ostentation of the rich, there is but half as much tax proposed as upon a Billiard Table. The reason why the rate upon the six hundred dollar carriage was put at ten dollars was probably the conviction of the Committee that a greater tax would discourage the use of these particular carriages, and thus defeat itself. Why did it not apply this second reasoning to Billiard Tables also? Was it because mechanics, clerks and others of like station play at Billiards as well as the wealthy, while only the latter use the costliest carriages? It is not easy to imagine any other reason. The proposed tax, by throwing great numbers of Tables out of use, will destroy the manufacture of them root and branch. The capital invested in the business about \$200,000, and the mechanics the manufacturers employ are numbered by thousands. Moreover, all the materials they use in the manufacture contribute largely to the revenue, and they are to be chargeable

with a license as well. In view of these considerations, sir, and others which may with justice be urged, I submit that a material reduction of the amount of this proposed tax will be wise and expedient. It will not, at the rate of twenty dollars each, bring the largest amount into the public exchequer, and this alone should be conclusive against it.

OUT-DOOR PASTIMES.—The term, or phrase of "out-door sports," comprehends all those out-door amusements in which men participate, by means of the boat, yacht, horse, or his own unaided powers; or in many games of the field, and in artificial modes of locomotion, such as swimming, skating or driving. The love of sport appears to be inherent in the breast of man; for, from the earliest ages, we have records of man's participation in athletic and manly pastimes. No one can doubt for an instant, the utility and importance of out-door recreations in promoting that greatest of all blessings vouchsafed to man—health; and this alone ought to be a sufficient cause to command for them universal encouragement. In an age like the present, when in the struggles for precedence in the haunts of commerce, markets of trade, or the distinction of public life, time is considered of equal value with money, it can scarcely be wondered that many of the competitors in the struggle lose health, both of body and mind. Nothing enfeebles and lowers the bodily and mental more than entire absorption of all the energies to business pursuits. The overworked merchant, trader, or professional man, however, has only to bestow an occasional day upon any one of the various sports within his reach, and he speedily recovers himself, and instead of losing in the course which he is pursuing, he is enabled to do more than make up the lost time which his absence has occasioned, by the increased vigor that his change of scene and occupation has given him. This fact is being better understood by Americans, and it has become more popular among our young and middle-aged men, especially those resident in our large towns and cities, to indulge regularly in some health-bestowing out-door sport. This fact is practically illustrated by the rapid and unexampled growth of our Rowing, Yachting, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs. These useful organizations are not, we are proud to say, confined to any particular locality, but are springing into life and activity in every portion of our land. This is as it should be, and we are gratified to record the fact. We are pleased to know that the day has passed, and we feel confident, forever, when Americans can be justly taunted with any physical deficiency as compared to the European. Young America is growing up stalwart, sturdy, and great; able and willing to cope in all manly and exalting contests with the representatives of any climate, and of a fitting type of that land, whose scale of grandeur, whether in regard to its natural beauties, or rapidity of development, stands alone and unparalleled in the world's history.

TAKING AMUSEMENTS.—The decree that has gone forth, that all the country shall be taxed for the maintenance of the government, the best that was ever devised, or to which a loyal people ever submitted, is just and proper, and in it as a whole, we cheerfully acquiesce. We do, however, strongly protest against the too heavy taxation of amusements. The chief reason for our protest is, that the people of the United States have hitherto paid too little attention to their recreation, and were only just beginning to be alive to their importance when this unholy rebellion broke out and they were called from the field of amusement and exercise to the field of battle. It would seem hard, therefore, after the hearty response that our gallant volunteers have made to the call of the government to protect and preserve it, and keep their country whole, that they should find, on their return from the wars, their favorite pastimes so highly taxed that they can no longer indulge in them. Our views of the principles of taxation are, that luxuries and not necessities should be levied upon, or at least, the latter very lightly, and that great caution should be used in taxing that from which comparatively little profit accrues. And this is very much the case with anything in the shape of amusements, particularly those that are an inducement to take exercise, in which latter form, they are a prime necessity, and should have no embargo laid on them. Neither is revenue to any great extent derived from them, whether by clubs or individuals; on the other hand, it often costs much to prepare the material, etc., therefore. Again, we should as soon, nay sooner, think of taxing these medicines which are continually needed to stay the ravages of epidemical diseases, because the former will oftentimes prove a preventive, while the latter can but cure. For these reasons, then, we enter a general protest against an unjust taxation of amusements.

SHOOTING IRONS.—A correspondent in Toronto, Canada, says that an enterprising American gunsmith would do well in that place. There is said to be only one gunsmith in Toronto, and he is not exactly the kind that sporting men care to deal with; in consequence of which many persons have to send to New York, or to England, for what they want in that line. Our correspondent adds, that an industrious and capable man from New York could at once pick up a first class business.

GAME IN SUFFOLK CO., LONG ISLAND.—For several years past our Legislature has endeavored, by law, to protect the game in that county, particularly the deer. At this Session another bill has been introduced for the same purpose. It is suggested that the best way is to prohibit the killing of any kind of game, for five years, and then it will be so plenty that every body can shoot—if they choose.

ANOTHER DEER.—The Indian Deerfoot has won another race in England, this time beating Brighton, in a race of ten miles. See report elsewhere.

NEW TYPE.—We are having fonts of new type cast, and will appear in an entirely new dress in the first number of our next volume, which will commence in about four weeks.

MARCH ON.—McClellan's address to his army of the Potomac in significant of a chase after the retreating rebels. We may soon expect to hear of stirring news from Virginia.

## THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, THE GEM, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed 'The Sportsman's Gallery of Art,' as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means.

THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.—Robert Calvin, of the Old House at Home, No. 302 Ninth street, between Avenue C and D, still continues in full swing, and the lovers of good liquors and ale, get the worth of their money. His cigars are of the finest quality. Robert Calvin also takes this opportunity of thanking his friends for their very kind patronage, and hopes, so long as his liquor fountain and taps all flow with pure and invigorating streams, so long may they continue to quench their thirst at his domicile, the Old House at Home. N. B.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings. The chair taken by Mr. Johnson, faced by good talent. The New York Clipper, and John's Life taken. Admission free.

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.—Harry Gribben, owing to the disastrous consequences to him, at the late fire and falling of the chimney at the house lately occupied by him in the Bowery, has received to "put" for California, by the steamer leaving on April 1st. Previous thereto, however, he will take a benefit to some popular boxing temple, for which the date is not yet fixed, but the 25th or 27th inst. will be about the time. The boxing fraternity will of course rally round him on that occasion, and bid him a hearty God speed.

THE OTTOMAN AND LARAZUS SPARKING EXHIBITION.—This display of boxing took place, as per notice, at the "Five Crows," 609 Broadway, on Thursday evening, 13th inst. Considering the hard times, the attendance was quite large, and the sports well represented. We noticed a large number of familiar faces present, such as John Woods, Fred McCarthy, Harry Gribben, Mike Trainor, etc.—just from the war, Ed Wilson, and many others. We do not think the hall very well adapted for sparring exhibitions, the stage being at one end of the room, which is a very long one, and the seats all on a level, rendering it difficult for those at the far end to get a good view of the sparring without standing on the seats. We consider a room with a stage in the center far preferable. Harry Hill officiated as master of ceremonies, and did very well with the exception of announcing the boxers in too

low a tone for all to hear distinctly. It always enhances the interest in a set-to to know who the gentlemen are. Do not forget this, ye M. C.'s. The hall was opened by Hanley and Young Dorsey, who had quite a little shake-up, but proving himself the many guns for Hanley, the latter willing as he was, he strikes out. Milage Cornell and Jerry Conklin were the next to pitch into each other, which they did with a perfect lusciousness. Cornell always manages to get his opponent laughing at some of his odd antics, and then gives him a good thrashing, so to teach him to mind the business in hand. Nowhere, Jerry managed to get even with him. Both showed themselves active on their pins, and quick hitters, and not bad at stopping. Young Dorsey and another, whose name we did not catch, had a bout, in which Dorsey had the best of it, though he did not do as well as we have seen him perform heretofore. He showed some better with his master, Fitz, of Providence, and Young Elliott's appearance created quite a stir among the audience, and there was an extra stretching of necks to get a good view of them, as quite a lively time was anticipated, both being known good ones. Fitz is not quite a stranger in this city, he having set to with Jim Hunter, of Brooklyn, a year or two ago, when he handled pretty rough. This set-to was commenced with caution, each endeavoring to stand on his feet, the other, until Elliott led off with the left, which Fitz dodged cleverly. Trying again brought them to close quarters, when mutual exchange took place. During the set-to, good stopping, sharp rallying, and heavy hits, were given and taken. They proved themselves good men, and pretty equally matched. They retired to give place to Hugh McLean and Hen Winkle, who no sooner faced each other than they commenced active hostilities, such as stopping, and bending. The latter could stand no such work as this, and he was the burning of gloves was the consequence. The hair literally fell out of his set-to. Billy Clarke (mine host of the "Gem," corner of Houston and Crosby streets), and a Boston youth of seven feet in his stockings—as H. Hill said—were the next to don the mite. Billy had a far-reaching jab before him, but after considerable maneuvering he managed to reach Boston's head, but not to do him much harm, but he landed a several little ones. In a final rally, Clarke landed a rather nasty one on Boston's jaw, when he suddenly touched bottom with his seat of honor, and this ended the set-to. Loud calls were here made for John Woods to set-to, but he failed to respond, giving as an excuse that he did not feel well. Fitz again appeared, with one Moore, to whom he gave some pretty hard knocks, though Moore seemed to retain few sharp ones now and then, and seemed quite willing to keep the fun alive, but Fitz had rather the best of it. Harry Hill here announced that Fitz was ready to make a match to fight Elliott for from \$300 to \$500, man and money ready at a certain place. Harry and Johnny Lazarus gave us a specimen of quick hitting, splendid stopping, clever dodging, and all things pertaining to good boxing. War and his hand-ship seems to have had no effect upon Harry, or to lessen his weight in the least. "Tovee! Tovee!" was the cry now raised; "here's Squegee, ready to set to with you!" William heard, but shook his head. Through fear? Perish the thought! No doubt the old man of sixty did not feel well. Squegee, failing to get William as an opponent, induced Young Dorsey to have a shake with him, and he readily did so for his temerity; for "Terrible!" after some scientific maneuvering, Squegee, who was a very good boxer, and a good deal of the audience. This he repeated several times, himself falling once from the force of his own blow. Dorsey had to be carried off the stage. Terrible bears his honors modestly. Bill Clark and Friend, evidently a pupil, had a very good set-to, the Friend handling the gloves very cleverly, and facing Billy's music without flinching. Harry Hill, not wishing the boys to have all the sports, and to prevent serious damage, he was obliged to stop to dust Johnny Lazarus' jacket for him. Johnny popped several times, when Hill rushed for a clinch and succeeded in throwing Johnny. Both had bellows to mend when they got through, as they kept quite busy for a few minutes. The wind up being announced, heavy movements were heard at the rear of the stage, when presently the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" were observed under headway. Handing alongside each other, broadside to broadside, they opened fire with three hundred pound Armstrong guns, discharging shot and shell fast and furious; but both being iron clad, it was like throwing peas against a bar of iron. They both surprised the audience by their quick movements, each answering beautifully to the helm. At one time the Merrimac made towards the Monitor, as though intending to run her down. They touched, but parted again without serious damage, and a remark that on touching they would burst, like two soap bubbles, and become one monstrous bubble. On the whole, they acquitted themselves exceedingly well for men of their age and weight. They both returned thanks to the audience for their attendance; and Charlie Ottignon said he would be pleased to have a set-to with John Woods, whenever that gentleman found it convenient. Woods replied that he was agreeable, and proposed, while a rainy day, a joint benefit, when he would wind up with Mr. Ottignon with pleasure. It was also announced that Harry Gribben proposed taking a benefit at an early day, previous to his departure for California. Time and place will be duly announced in a few days. Thus ended one of the best boxing exhibitions we have witnessed for some time.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

## THE RING.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

At present, in consequence of the accident to Joe Goos in his late encounter with Bob Brette's 'Big Un,' it is probable that for some time to come it will be a rest for the present Champion. The man who was to be his next opponent has not yet been named, but it is found since he first won the honor from the Statebridge Irish, and unless King has another shy, we cannot find a worthy representative. Still, rumors assert that Nat Langham has an arriving big-un in reserve. There is, likewise, a sleepy giant, who has arrived at Liverpool, that will take a thrashing. As both of these unknowns require a trial, we are confident that the honor of Old England in the face of the vaunting challenge of all the untamed, who, "perchance," will "wake up one morning and find themselves famous."—*Sporting Life, March 1.*

ANDERSON (MILKY) AND CAGGY WILSON.—(BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT.)—Milky and Caggy Wilson, both of Birmingham, met on Tuesday, Feb. 25, at catch weight, for £10 a side. A well known spot was first tried, the Clock of Bicknell being the fixture. The veteran Giles, and assistants, soon pitched the ring, but before the men could be prepared for the bout, the referee, Mr. James C. Wilson, was made to Hodge Hill, where no time was wasted in getting to business. Posh Price and Ben Terry seconded Milky, a couple of friends doing the amiable for Willson. The eccentric Joe Jones was the referee appointed. Milky was rather the taller and heavier man. After fighting seven rounds, which lasted 20 min., Milky had the best of it, drawing first blood in the second round, and the knock-down in the fifth. In the seventh, the blues were certainly rendering another more necessary, and a start was made to Alim Koc. The men were soon at work again, and Milky kept his previous lead (although Caggy fought very determinedly) and increased his advantage up to the twenty-sixth, when the seconds of Willson finding he had no chance, threw up the sponge, after a one-sided battle of 53 min. in the two rings. The betting throughout was 5 to 4 on Anderson.

DETERMINED FIGHT IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT, BETWEEN J. SMITH AND J. COWLIHAW, FOR £50.

On Tuesday, Feb. 26th, one of the greatest and most determined fights ever witnessed, took place near Birmingham, the combatants being a couple of light weights from Derby and Kent, named James Smith and James Cowlihaw. They are almost novices, one only having fought for more than a year previous to the present encounter, which was for the sum of £25 a side. James Cowlihaw was born at Derby, October 25, 1842, and was on the present occasion 19 1/2 in weight, and 5 ft. 3 in. in height. His first battle was with Kirs, of Derby, in 1860, for £5 a side, which he won by a knockout in the first round. His best ally, for £5 a side, the fight lasting fifteen minutes, during which seven rounds were contested, all in favor of Cowlihaw. On January 7, last year, he beat Burnley, £15 a side, in forty five minutes. For the present encounter he was backed from Derby, and trained at Wittington, near Litchfield, in company with Bob Brette and Joe Nolan, being under the careful supervision of the celebrated Joe Warrham, who certainly delivered him at the scratch in magnificent condition. On Monday evening, he took up his quarters at Bob Brette's, the White Lion, Dgbeh. James Smith, who is a fine young fellow, about 8 ft 10 in in weight, was born on May 19, 1842; he stands 6 ft 4 in. in height, and fought his first battle, for £5 a side, with Young Callaghan, of Derby, whom he defeated, after a good battle of 1 hour 21 minutes. He took his gallop next Saturday, under the eye of the renowned J. Greaves. His headquarters at Birmingham were at Mr. Reeves', the Navigation Inn. Both men, the night before the contest, took a tour round the sporting houses, visiting Mat Collinson's, the Thatched House, Duddenden-row, where the eccentric Joe Jones has taken up his quarters for a few days, and pleases the lads of the "hardware village."

A start was ordered to be made long before daylight, and the party that accompanied the men was very limited in consequence. After a ride of about a score of miles, a stop was made, and a walk of a couple of more miles brought the sensation seekers to the appointed spot, where a ready-made ring was at once pitched. Cowlihaw was attended by Joe Warrham and Harry O'Rielly, while W. Purdy and T. Greaves did the amiable for Smith. During the completion of the toilets of the men, a strong north-easterly wind was blowing, which was the cause of the choice of corners being a matter of great consequence, considering the weather would take such a great effect on men trained to the perfection of the present gallant opponents. Smith's colors were a white, with blue puce spots and a chocolate border; while those of Cowlihaw were white, with a crimson spot and border. The loss was won by Smith, who chose the position with the wind at his back. The betting was at this time 5 to 4 on Smith, which was taken to some extent by the friends of Cowlihaw, and while the men were getting ready, the betting got round to even. A referee, after great persuasion, was prevailed upon to stand, and the men were delivered at the scratch at ten minutes past eight.

THE FIGHT. Round 1. When Cowlihaw put himself into attitude, his splendid condition was apparent to the spectators, every muscle and sinew standing prominently out in lines and pronounced like those of the Farnese Hercules. His shoulders are well set over a body developed chest and loins, all being supported, both a love of the good things of this life has covered the feet tissues, so that although equally prominent, his muscles did not show a sharpness of outline







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Be sure to be punctual.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in  
sealed wrappers, will please understand that their terms of sub-  
scription have expired.

### ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL CONTEST.

It cannot be doubted that the termination of the international  
contest between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan gave birth to an  
excitement which it required nothing less than a war between the  
two sections of the country to allay or put aside for a time. Con-  
scious that the Battle of Farnborough Field was won by the Ameri-  
can champion, though the triumph was denied him, and himself  
subjected to unfair treatment and harass before and after it  
came off, Heenan and his friends were solicitors for a second trial,  
and went to the extreme of liberality in the terms they submitted  
to the opposite party for approval. These had regard to another  
fight with Sayers, and resulted in a manner that, while it added  
new plumes to the crest of our "Boy," detracted from the already  
waned laurels of a "fair bell and no favor," set up on the adverse  
side. This transpired prior to the return of Heenan to his native  
country. Long ere he quitted England, the fact had gone forth.  
There could be no second fight between him and Sayers. In con-  
nection with this state of affairs, as far as "Benjah" and his late  
gallant antagonist were concerned, the British P. R. was left in an  
odd position. The Championship was either divided, as the pro-  
clamation of the two bouts argued, or it was in abeyance. Acting  
upon the latter hypothesis, the "Statelybridge Chicken" and Tom  
Paddock had a fight for the belt and the stakes which accompany  
it. The winner in this contest was the "Chicken," between whom  
and Tom Paddock (a former antagonist of Sayers) a match, also for  
the Championship and its stakes, was gotten up. In that match was  
the victor; but after resting on his laurels for a little time, he was  
again called to war, his antagonist in the case being Tom King. In  
the contest between these two men, recently reported in the Cur-  
rent, Macco, comparatively a veteran in the ring, compared with  
King, although the latter had the advantages of height, reach,  
and strength, was the conqueror. It was, however, a very close fight,  
and until the last round, spangles ranged pretty equally, possibly  
a little in favor of King.

We mention these facts, only as a kind of set-off to other facts,  
which have transpired contemporaneously with the former, and  
with which the name of John C. Heenan has been more or less asso-  
ciated. For several months, it has been evident that that gentle-  
man has been anxiously watching for a loop hole through which he  
might induce the persons who, on the other side of the water,  
made loud and high boasts of their capacity to "lick the American,"  
just to come over and try. With a natural distrust in the fair play  
prevailing of the British sports, he named any of the States or  
Canada as the best field for the battle. In respect to stakes, he  
was most liberal, and in regard to the facilities rendered for the  
travel of any here from England, his professions went even beyond  
generosity.

It is a fact worthy of record, that, high and distant as the tone of  
several of the British pugilists had been before this, it was gradu-  
ally tamed down until indeed it was not heard at all. Then, and  
not till then, did our Champion fold his hands as it were, and  
seemed to give up the whole affair as useless and idle.

Such was the condition of things a little while ago, when the war  
which promises a speedy, and for the North a triumphant ending  
was the aim in all of thought and consideration. Since then, how-  
ever, many thousands of persons in our midst have thought over  
the old subject of the International Championship, and with a  
straightforward fairness like that displayed by Heenan and his  
true friends in the affair, have, though morally convinced of his  
triumph, desired to see it based on those large grounds which  
even envy and malignity cannot dispute. They have hoped that  
somebody would take up the gauge of the American; and when, at  
length, they have seen him, tired out with constant solicitation,  
and somewhat disgusted as well with the present backwardness of  
those who formerly seemed so ready, signify his desire to say or  
do no more—when they have witnessed this, they have naturally  
looked around for some other representative of the nerve and  
manhood of America to do battle with an English representative of  
the same things.

It is here that the suggestion we mean to urge in this article was  
first presented to us. Let there be another International Contest  
by all means, if possible; and if we cannot prevail upon Heenan to  
enter the arena again, let us look out for some of his countrymen  
who are willing to do so. Knowing how much has been done,  
even to wheedle persons on the other side of the water, apparently  
zealous for the thing, into the thing itself, we would go further  
towards accomplishing it. Say, that we persevere in our lib-  
erality of terms, and by way of clinching the whole affair, that our  
man shall go over to England, brave enough to dare all that was  
done to Heenan, yet, confident, after all that has transpired,  
THAT THE STRANGERS WHO ARE AMONG WILL GUARANTEE HIM GOOD  
DEALS AND THE REALIZATION OF THEIR OWN DREAM, "MAY THE NEXT  
MAN WIN!"

There are two reasons why we recommend this course of conduct.  
The first we have partly implied. Because, the offer of any Ameri-  
can pugilist to go over to England, and there contest for title su-  
premaccy and its reward, would be the crowning act of a long series  
of acts, many and outrageous, and calculated to elicit the admira-  
tion of the world. Our second reason has regard to the moral effect  
such an act would have upon the art of pugilism, as a recognized  
institution, and in the sporting fraternity of England itself. It  
would show heroism as the quality of a man belonging to a class  
long and justly esteemed, while it would obviate all probability  
of the recurrence of the scene at Farnborough, on the 17th of April,  
1860. If there is ever to be a settlement of the vexed and impor-  
tant question we have been at so much pains to show in its true  
light in the columns of the Current, it seems to us inevitable that  
the further steps towards that issue must be taken on American  
ground and by Americans. In the same manner as the initiatory  
ones were. Both here and in England, the times are favorable for  
pugilism. The former, while making large preparations for war,  
points exultingly towards Tom Sayers, and says that ten thousand  
men of the like caliber, are worth more to their weight in gold.  
May we not, while contemplating John C. Heenan, John Morrissey,  
and others of a similar stamp, join in the confident exclamation of

our neighbors on the other side of the Atlantic? We have been at  
war, are still at war, and may again be, though Heaven forbid it  
should be with our own brethren! But with war present or future,  
it is fit that we should be able to grasp successfully with the enemy.  
To do that, we must have capable soldiers; and as we have ana-  
tized a hundred times in these columns, and cannot enumerate too  
often, the best security for our having good soldiers is to be found  
in the popular appreciation and the general practice of pugilism.  
We are hopeful of a new era for the P. R.; and that could not be  
more worthily inaugurated than by another INTERNATIONAL CONTEST  
BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

### FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS.

#### CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.

#### THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.

#### THEIR RECEPTION AT MELBOURNE.

The Eleven Cricketers of England arrived safely at Melbourne on  
Dec. 24th, when and where they met with a most enthusiastic  
reception. They exchanged give elaborate accounts of the doings,  
and cricket for the nonce is the all absorbing topic in the "fifth  
quarter" of the globe. As is an epoch in cricketing history, and  
as some of the players are well known in America, we quote briefly  
from some of the letters of the men. W. Mudge writes:

"We came in sight of land on Monday, Dec. 23. Arrived at Mel-  
bourne early on the 24th, when a glorious sight met our view:  
ships in harbor decorated with flags, crews cheering us, &c., and  
all in honor of our visit. Went to Melbourne in a coach drawn by  
eight horses. We got well, H. Stephenson put us all through the  
volunteer drill, in which he had a comrade in Captain Griffin, the  
commander of the ship, who is a thorough seaman, and a perfect  
gentleman. Old Ben (Griffin) has gained 14lbs in weight, and  
is looking as strong as an ox; in fact we are all now looking and feel-  
ing first class, and confident of success. We were received by  
Messrs. Spiers and Pond, who were accompanied by a member of  
Parliament, and several other gentlemen. After receiving addresses  
from the volunteers, we were taken to a grand banquet given to us  
at the Grand Hotel, Monday (Dec. 30). The Governor of Victoria will  
take the chair. We commence our first match on New Year's Day.  
The ground is better than we expected; in fact, we think we shall  
get a pretty good wicket. They have made great preparations in  
the shape of grand stands and refreshment booths; one stand is in  
the form of a half-circle, and will hold some 8000 spectators. The  
excitement is very great, and the English are the favorites. The  
most hospitably received by all classes. We have had reason  
tickets presented to us for all kinds of public amusement, and a  
FAIR PASS TO THE RAILWAY DURING OUR STAY IN AUSTRALIA. We are  
going to dine at the Cafe de Paris, so you must excuse me until next  
mail, and I conclude by letting you know our matches are arranged  
as follows—

The first at Melbourne, Jan. 1. The fourth at Bendigo,  
The second at Beechwood, The fifth at Sidney.  
The third at Ballarat.

These are all the matches arranged at present."

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, a preliminary match, by way of aiding the  
selection of the twenty-two for the first match to be played on New  
Year's Day, took place between the Victoria Eleven and Bendigo  
Eighteen, of which we append the score.

#### THE VICTORIA ELEVEN.

First Innings. Second Innings.

J. Bryant run out..... 1 b Crofts..... 7  
Hamilton run out..... 15 b Shum..... 0  
J. Huddleston c Ratcliffe b Crofts..... 6 b Shum..... 7  
C. Mace b Shum..... 11 b Moran b Crofts..... 4  
Makinson b Hewitt..... 9 b Crofts..... 6  
Marshall c Cahill b Shum..... 9 b Crofts..... 9  
Watson b Shum..... 10 b Macartney b Crofts..... 15  
Costick c Ratcliffe b Shum..... 9 b Shum..... 1  
Lester b Shum..... 9 not out..... 11  
Elliott run out..... 0 b Shum..... 1  
T. Huddleston not out..... 0 b Shum..... 1  
Byes 6, leg byes 2, wides 10..... 18 Byes 11, wide 1..... 12  
Total..... 88 Total..... 78

#### THE BENDIGO EIGHTEEN.

First Innings. Second Innings.

Bruce b Costick..... 5 b Bryant..... 0  
Kerr b Bryant..... 1 b Bryant..... 1  
Barrell by Bryant..... 1 b Elliott..... 0  
Ratcliffe b Costick..... 0 b Bryant b Costick..... 8  
Moran b Bryant..... 0 b Bryant..... 2  
Mackay b Costick..... 0 b Bryant..... 0  
Stewart b Costick..... 10 run out..... 6  
Hollingsworth c Costick b Ma-  
kinson..... 5 b Costick..... 0  
Costick at Marshall..... 2 b Costick..... 7  
Woolley run out..... 2 b Bryant..... 0  
Baker b Costick..... 2 b Bryant..... 0  
Watson b Costick..... 1 b Bryant..... 1  
Cahill b Costick..... 0 b Bryant..... 2  
Thompson run out..... 22 b Bryant..... 8  
Shum run out..... 7 b Bryant..... 2  
Husker c Makinson b Costick..... 0 not out..... 2  
Hunt b Bryant..... 14 b Bryant..... 6  
Port b Makinson..... 0 b Bryant..... 6  
Byes 8, leg byes 6..... 14 Byes 8, leg byes 2, wide 1..... 51  
Total..... 88 Total..... 81

Jerry Bryant, a renowned Australian cricketer, took no less than  
sixteen of the Bendigo wickets, and on Saturday, Dec. 21, and Tues-  
day, 24, he took his annual benefit, the match being played on the  
Melbourne ground on both days, George Wells, of England, stand-  
ing umpire.

We presume that the cricketers of America will be somewhat  
interested in this affair, as it is a contest between the Ameri-  
can and Canadian. Not knowing the Australians, we are unable  
to speculate on their chances, but they will have to keep one eye  
open, at least, if they expect to win. In respect to the American  
match, without wishing to detract one iota from the merits of  
the English Eleven, or to imply that the Americans would have won  
the match, we are of the opinion that had our twenty-two been  
selected by the proper parties, and the matches been under  
different control, much closer results would have followed in every  
instance. We wish our Australian friends better success, and ad-  
vise their twenty-two to keep clear of "snobs."

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

#### CHAMPIONSHIP WALKING MATCH.

MILES AND SPOONER.—These men met at the West London Grounds,  
Brompton, on Wednesday, Feb. 19th, to decide their walking match  
of fourteen miles, for £50 a side. From the fact that no walking  
match of any interest has taken place for some time past, this  
match, which was well known to be a genuine one, caused much excite-  
ment and speculation, more particularly among Turf men, two well-  
known members of the club having matched the men. There were  
some two thousand spectators assembled to watch the contest.  
Spooners had been before the public for some years past, and has  
beaten all the best men of the day, but his style of going was  
always much commented upon, many practical men declaring that  
when putting on his spurs he was decidedly "trotting." How-  
ever, he has never in a single instance been disqualified for so doing.  
The last time he walked a match was the latter end of 1860,  
when he was defeated by Seal, of Staplebridge, in a two mile  
match—by five yards, the distance having been done in the extra-  
ordinary time of thirteen minutes fifty seconds (pretty decent time  
for walking). Since then he has been on the shelf, until the pre-  
sent match, for which he was prepared by his old trainer, J. Smith,  
the Regent Street Pet, and brought to the post in the best possible  
condition. J. Miles is a native of Brixton, and is only twenty-one  
years of age, he has contested in but few public matches, but in  
each of those he showed so great a turn of speed as to be thought  
worthy of being matched against the champion. For this match  
he was prepared by J. Eldridge, and a finer specimen of condition  
was never seen, the muscles on his back and shoulders standing  
out in prominent relief. The official chosen for the occasion were  
S. Harbore, umpire for Spooner; Charles Westhall acting in the  
same capacity for Miles, while Owen Smith undertook the not im-  
mutable post of referee. The race was set for four o'clock, and at  
twenty-two minutes past that hour they were dispatched on their  
journey. Spooner at once took the lead by about a yard, going in  
his old style, Miles walking in his opponent's tracks in most mag-  
nificent style, and a thoroughly fair manner. From the very out-  
set, repeated outcries were made by Spooner's style; but, after  
the first lap, the men settled down, and no fault could be  
found. To complete the distance, they had to go fifty six  
times round, the ground being exactly 440 yards in circum-  
ference. During the second, third, and fourth laps, as  
change took place in the order of going, but they were  
loudly cheered each time they passed the spectators; and thus, also,  
was the second mile got through. In going down for shoulder-  
stretch in the tenth lap, Miles pulled himself together and spurred up to  
Spooner, and for a stride or two, just showed in front, but  
Miles directly resumed his former position in front, and it seemed  
that Miles was walking within himself. In rounding the bot-  
tom turn in the thirteenth lap, Spooner let out, and came on  
as a terrific pace, but Miles gallantly answered it, and, as they  
dashed along side by side, Miles, in a great shout for shoulder-  
stretch in the extreme, and loud shouts arose from all parts  
of the ground; for upwards of two hundred yards this struggle  
for the lead continued, but Spooner maintained it, and at the com-  
mencement of the fourteenth lap, they had resumed their original  
positions, and kept them until the finish of six miles and a half.  
Here Spooner put on another of his sports, and left Miles a dozen  
paces in the rear, and Westhall, who had several times appealed to  
the referee, as he did so, this time the referee crossed the ground  
and cautioned Spooner. This had a beneficial effect, for there was

a marked difference in his gait, and Miles again closed on him. In  
the last lap of the eighth mile, the Champion again stretched his  
legs, and soon made a gap of twenty yards between him and Miles,  
and once more Charles Westhall called the attention of the referee  
to Spooner's style, and Owen again cautioned him, but from this  
point the steadily gained on his opponent, until at the end of the  
eleventh mile he was by 150 yards. During the remainder of the dis-  
tance, Spooner, who kept looking over his right shoulder at Miles,  
slacked up a bit, and allowed Miles to gain upon him; but, despite  
the game and determined efforts of the "young one," Spooner  
passed the post first by about eighty yards. The following is the  
correct time:

1 miles	2 miles	3 miles	4 miles	5 miles	6 miles	7 miles	8 miles	9 miles	10 miles	11 miles	12 miles	13 miles	14 miles	15 miles
15	30	45	60	75	90	105	120	135	150	165	180	195	210	225

Making the full time 2 min 13 sec and the two hours.  
Numerous complaints were made of Spooner's style, it being al-  
leged that he repeatedly violated the principle of "fair toe and  
heel." Several declare that Spooner was by "sheer trotting,"  
and nothing else.

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.—A spirited affair came off on Wednesday,  
Feb. 19, between Benajah Green and Westham, arising out of a  
little gossip between two sporting farmers, Mr. George Darke, of  
Chislehead, and Mr. Richard Haydon, of Chesham. On their  
return from a tour to Tunbridge market, Mr. Darke was full of his  
praises of the capabilities of his mare, and Mr. Haydon, thinking  
them overrated, accepted a considerable bet that she would trot  
four miles out and four miles in in thirty minutes. The match  
was at once agreed upon, to come off at ten o'clock on the follow-  
ing morning, and, at the time appointed, the mare was brought to  
the post, and the owner in readiness to ride her. At seven o'clock  
of Friday, was appointed judge, and on the word "go" being given,  
went the mare in beautiful style, and, although, as some good  
judges said previous to her starting, "she did a look much like  
doing it," she performed the distance in twenty nine minutes with  
really the greatest ease, her only encouragement to do it being the  
excellent style in which she was ridden. Mr. Darke was using whip  
nor spur, and, as the loser said, "She looked just like doing it ever  
again in the same time quite as easy."

### OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

#### NUMBER FIFTY-THREE.

#### MISS ELIZA LOGAN.

BORN in Philadelphia, in August, 1836. Her father, Mr. Corne-  
lius A. Logan, was an actor—a very good comedian—also, author  
and manager.

At an early age Miss Logan was placed at an Academy in Lancas-  
ter, Pa., where she received an excellent education; before her  
school days were over, she had a strong desire to "go upon the  
stage," and her father, who was a theatrical manager, and the  
child, he immediately commenced giving her instructions, and  
became delighted at the evidences she gave of the possession of  
true genius. At last she was permitted to enter the profession,  
and made her debut January 28th, 1851, as Norval, in "Douglas,"  
at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

In June, 1850, she first appeared in New York, at the Broadway  
Theatre, as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons." To her success in  
this part, she was indebted to her father, who was a theatrical  
manager, and she was permitted to enter the profession, and  
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studied more, he would have stood higher, but even now his  
characters, both tragic and comic, are superior to many  
others. He is careful, and at times very in-  
tense. His great fault is the want of expression, or rather the  
knowledge of the art to make his features harmonize with passion  
and action. His Paul Talbot, in "Love's Sacrifice," is one of the  
most perfect pieces of acting ever witnessed; we mean it in  
kind—and it is in such characters Mr. Young excels.

#### DANIEL REILLY.

BORN in Philadelphia, November 25th, 1833. Made his first ap-  
pearance, in 1853, at the Arch Street Theatre, in his native city,  
as Calley. Made his first appearance in a speaking character,  
during the season, as the Landlord, in "Foolishness." In the  
humble sphere of the Drama in which the gentleman moves, he  
deserves considerable praise; though he never troubles the audi-  
ence with more than a dress or two, yet he is an actor, yet he  
always acquits himself with credit, partly owing to his figure,  
which is well adapted for the stage. He will double make a good  
actor; but, in order to accomplish it, must devote his time and  
study to the truly legitimate business. At present performing  
Uncle Tom with a dramatic company, in the Eastern States.

#### BENJAMIN G. S. WILKS.

BORN in England. Made his first appearance on the stage, Feb.  
27th, 1836, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Count Cal-  
mar, in "The Kite, or, The Roman Daughter." Retired from the  
stage, and is at present a member of the Walnut Street Theatre  
Orchestra, Philadelphia.

#### MRS. WILKS.

MADAME NAME Packard—was born in Philadelphia—made her first  
appearance on the stage in 1834, at the Walnut Street Theatre, in  
her native city, as a member of the Corps de Ballet. In 1836 and '7,  
she was at the Arch Street Theatre, in the same city, as the repre-  
sentative of Old Women. Retired from the stage, and now living in  
Philadelphia.

#### MISS ANNIE WILKS.

BORN in Philadelphia, in 1840. Made her first appearance on the  
stage, in her native city, at the old National Theatre, playing  
"small parts," and winning golden opinions as a child. She worked  
her way steadily but surely, to that position which she now oc-  
cupies. This was not done without difficulty; the lot of a young  
actress who has to carve her own way is by no means an easy  
one—but with genius and perseverance, the goal is certain to be  
reached. This young lady toiled in the early part of her career  
with undaunted energy and unflinching perseverance to climb the  
steep hill of success—always, however, cheered by the affection of  
kind friends—who, her own admirable qualities had won for her—  
and the goodness and cheerfulness of her own disposition.

She















## OUR BABY.

I hardly bat, but I lay on eggs,  
That (be you who you may be)  
You never saw on mortal leg,  
A thing to beat: "Our Baby."

Its wee-wee toes, all out of place,  
Its spotty legs and arms,  
Its rosy pouty little face,  
Its ducky-darling charms.

Its downy hair, (a kind of brown),  
Its double and-twisted chin,  
Its nose turn'd up, its ears turn'd down,  
Its gambols and its grin.

Its eyes, so like its mamma's own,  
Two little, leaky things,  
Its dumplin' cheeks with dimples sown,  
Its smile, when papa sings.

Its morning yell and evening howl,  
Its gums—how they do bite!  
(Of course on corns), and the squall  
It raises every night.

Sure such a babe was never seen,  
Except to my dear Caro,  
Since Moses on a sailing west,  
To tell the game of Pharo.

Yes, wifey dear, I'm bold to swear  
By G— I mean by Gimmy,  
That babe so fat, so fresh and fair,  
Never yet—came down a chimney.

So pack the darling off, my love,  
To grace the "Baby Fair,"  
For if its best—why then, by Jove,  
The angels must be there.

## THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN THE WEST.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

In the summer of 1852 I resolved to take a trip to the State of Wisconsin, in the far West. It was a close, sultry day in the middle of June. I had been for a long time pressed by an uncle residing in that far-off State to pay him a visit, and buckling up my traps, I left the heat and bustle of the city, and started upon my journey. The fact that sixteen hundred miles divided me from the residence of the respectable old gentleman, did not put me back a bit, for I knew that when I got there a first-rate rifle and plenty of good game were waiting for me. I pride myself upon being some on the shot, having carried off the prize many a time upon target excursions, and the knowledge that I was going to have a few pops at the "prairie chickens," was a sufficient inducement to me to accept the oft-repeated invitation.

I shall never forget that excursion. There are some incidents connected with it which will never leave my mind, and which I intend to relate here. Throwing my linen duster across my arm, and picking up my carpet-bag, I started for the Albany boat. At five o'clock, P. M., we were steaming up the Hudson River. It was my first trip up that noble stream. Night fell, and the moon came out in all its splendor and beauty. Travellers upon such occasions as this generally meet a genial spirit, with whom a very sudden and agreeable intimacy is formed. My new friend and companion was one of the finest fellows I ever met. He was connected with a mercantile house in Albany, and his business called him to New York very frequently. Of all other men, he was the one I most desired to meet. He was a jolly soul, full of fun, full of spirit, and full of good nature. He was familiar with the magnificent scenery of the Hudson, and I beheld that night, for the first time, its gigantic banks and deep valleys. Lighting our Havana, we took our seats upon the promenade deck, and drank in the delicious and refreshing air, my friend pointing out and explaining to me the history of the most noted spots on the Hudson as we passed along. From the descriptions I had previously heard given of those points, I expected a fine view, but my anticipations were more than realized. I do not believe there is a grander scene to be witnessed in the world than that presented by a summer moonlight excursion up the North River.

Where is the American that can pass those grand old banks without feelings of pride and emotion, standing out, as they are, like time-honored sentinels of the past, warning off the traitor and invader from their tranquil shores. It was upon those banks that our beloved Washington and his noble band suffered much of the privations and hardships of the Revolution, and it was among their valleys that those councils were held which resulted in the overthrow of the renegade vassals of King George, and trampled his banner in the dust. These reflections, and the pride inspired by the scene, made the hours fly fast on the night referred to, and when the last tall rock faded from our view, we grieved that we could no longer gaze upon their grandeur and contemplate their glory.

When we reached Albany, my genial companion and fellow-passenger, and myself, drank each other's health in a bumper, and bidding each other a hearty good-bye, we parted. That night's experience was the pleasantest part of my journey. The "Iron Horse" formed the most part of my conveyance after I left the State Capital, and I found very little pleasure in the speed of that celebrated steed, for I dislike traveling by rail. Everybody seemed to be heart-sick of the journey. There was scarcely a sentence spoken, and there was nothing more cheering to be heard than the snorting of the locomotive, and the screams of the wild bird. I managed to keep up my spirits by pouring spirits down. My flask was my only friend and comforter then. When I got to the city of Milwaukee, it was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and having something like a hundred miles further to go, and no mode of conveyance before the afternoon of the following day, I was puzzled as to what course I should take. There was a "heap of trouble on the old man's mind," and while I was considering whether I should invest a "Y" in a one-horse vehicle, or stay over night in the city, I was hailed by a burly red-faced farmer, in a good-natured tone, who asked me how far I had to go. I answered, to Neshkora. He said:—

"Well, I reckoned from your looks and that ere travelling bag that you are kind o' tired. You see I've just been to market with some things, and I'm now a drivin' home. I live pretty near Neshkora, and if you jump in to the wagon I'll give you a lift most of the way. When I get home I'll make my boy drive you the rest."

I thanked him kindly, and said I would accept the invitation if it was not too much trouble.

"Taint no trouble at all, stranger; ye see, I manage to keep old Ploughboy in as good condition as myself. A ton weight don't trouble him a bit. I've got a bottle of rye here, and if you'll go along, we'll try and keep merry."

I handed up the valise, and jumped into the wagon. Old Ploughboy got a slight tap of the whip, and he started on a brisk, steady trot. We jogged along, the farmer taking an occasional swig out of the bottle, and then handing it to me. I tried the rye, a couple of times, and I tell you it was some of the right sort. When I told him I was from New York, he almost overwhelmed me with questions. He had never been in New York, and a New Yorker is a great curiosity in those diggings. I answered him as satisfactorily as I could, and when he got through with his inquiries, I endeavored to gain some information of "life in the bush."

"This seems to be a fine, healthy country," I said. "I suppose you wouldn't exchange your house and farm for the costliest building in New York."

"Young man, I couldn't live in any city. When I go to Milwaukee, I am like a fish out of water until I get away again. Ye see, I've been born and bred here, and I wouldn't give the old farm for the world. We've only

got one thing to trouble us here. Them damned Indians bother us continually. They're death on stealing children, and you can't git along with them unless you fill their cussed stomachs with rum. They walk right in to your houses without leave or liberty, and if you don't satisfy them, you'd better look out for your head the first time you go out. There's a great many of the red savages hereabouts, and they have almost every thing their own way."

We had at this time reached far into the country, and the ground ahead of us seemed to be a dense forest. The night was falling, and the proverbial treachery of the Indians, especially to strangers, gave me a sudden feeling of uneasiness. The farmer said that we would encounter a few of them on the road, and noticing that I looked very serious, he placed his hand in his breast coat pocket, and drawing therefrom a double barreled horse pistol, he said—

"Don't you be scared; yer safe enough with me until you get to your journey's end. I've had many a clinch with the Indians, and savage and bad as you think them, I've made a good many of them reel and lie on their faces. About seven years ago, stranger, I noticed one of them, called Crazy Tom, skulking about my house, and I could tell he had an eye on my little boy. I told the old woman to look out for him; but one day she was sick, and I went out to chop some wood. The boy was coming out to meet me, when the Indian sprang from behind a fence, and seized him, starting towards the forest as quick as he could run. I followed, and called to him, until I was hoarse, to come back. He ran his best, but I got up to him. When he saw I was within a few yards of him, he dropped the child and made an attempt to catch me by the throat. I carried the wood axe with me in the race, and when he made for me, I jumped aside, and sank the axe into his brain. That put an end to his kidnappin', and, although they say Indians are revengeful, none of them ever troubled me since."

It was the dead hour of midnight, and not a soul but ourselves on the road. It was a clear night, and the pale moon was casting its ghastly beams upon the tall, gaunt trees. There was not a word to break the fearful stillness, and all the ghost stories I had ever listened to came up in horrible shape before my mind. I thought I had a full view of those spirits "who walk at night," when a pair of stalwart Indians stalked from the woods and came out upon the road in front of us. In a second I heard the click of my friend's pistol, as he cocked it, and held it in his hand. The redskins cast a fierce side glance at us, and passed into the wood on the other side of the road. We drove on unmolested, until we got out of the parts the farmer most feared. I breathed more freely when I heard we were out of danger, and trying the rye once more, we resumed a conversation which we had dropped about half an hour before.

In a few minutes we heard a shrill scream, and looking around, we discovered a tall, muscular Indian dashing across a field at full speed, carrying a child, *a la Rolia*, upon his shoulder, while he grasped his rifle in the other hand.

"By G—d!" exclaimed the farmer, "there goes another of them red-skinned devils, and he's ran away with some poor farmer's child. I'll try and clip one of his wings, any how!"

Crack went the pistol, but the Indian was out of distance, and the shot had no other effect than to bring him to a standstill. He looked around, but not seeing us, he continued his course towards the woods.

"Jump out!" exclaimed my friend, "and stand by Ploughboy's neck; if he fires, the nag will catch it. I'll hit him the next time as sure as God is in heaven!"

Here was a pretty predicament. My courage was now up to the sticking point, and I determined to leave Ploughboy's shelter, and share the fate of my resolute country friend. Before we had scarcely time to move, a pair of men came dashing along upon horseback. The red man perceiving them, put down the child, and a genuine warwhoop made the hills and valleys around re-echo. A sharp report followed, and the youngest man staggered and fell from his horse, wounded in the arm. Father and son were in pursuit of the child. The father dashed up to the Indian, and jumped from his horse. Here began the midnight "Death Struggle." The Indian grasped his rifle by the barrel and rushed upon his antagonist. They paused, and looked at each other for a moment. The streams of fire that shot from the red savage's eyes, seemed to light up the lonely and desolate forest, while his foe was resolute and immovable as a rock. The Indian made a blow for the white man, but he, catching the rifle in his hand, it brought them to a hand-to-hand fight. Wrenching the rifle from the savage's hand, he flung it upon the grass, and a struggle followed, which I shall never forget. For about seven minutes they grappled, gouged, and bit, until a well-directed blow from the white man knocked his opponent to the earth. Throwing himself upon his body, he placed his knee upon his chest, and bending down he seized the Indian by the throat with his teeth, and let his life blood run out upon the grass, leaving his body to rot in the sun. During this time my friend and myself occupied ourselves with bandaging the young man's wound, and the first expression I heard uttered was from my kind-hearted friend to the hero of the contest, as he came up to us, bruised and bloody:—

"Bernard Gilgaanon, you have done your work handsomely!"

I arrived safe at my destination, but am satisfied that if I live for a hundred years, I shall never experience so much uneasiness and horror as I did upon this journey. I've been to Wisconsin since, however, and found it a good deal more civilized than I did upon the visit alluded to, and I have the gratification to know that some of our noblest and most stalwart sons have gone from there, to battle for the glorious Union and Constitution.

MOSE AND DUBBS' GAIL.—Daniel having courted Lidy Grubbin until he thought it was time to bring matters to a matrimonial crisis, counselled with his friend Mose Higgins upon the subject. "I ups and told Mose," says he, "all about it. And says I to Mose, says I, had you just as lieves ask her for me. He said he had. So to make a long story short, one bitter cold night, Mose and I started for the house where Lidy lived."

It was agreed that I should stay in the woodshed, while Mose went in and set matters right. Mose knocked at the door and went in, and I sat down on a chopping log to wait the issue.

Mose thought he could fix things in half an hour, and I calculated on bein' in Paradise about half arter; but there I sat and sat, till I hearn the clock strike nine; then I had to get up and stomp and thrash my hands to keep them from freezin'.

Ten o'clock, then eleven struck, and still no Mose! At last, just about midnight—when I'd got to be little better'n a freezin' tater—out he comes.

I rushed up to him, and with a shakin' voice—Mo-Mose-Mose, says I, 'wha-at dus she sa-a-ay?' says I.

"Dan'l," says he, 'pon my soul, I forgot to ax her."

"Jist six weeks arter, Mose and Lidy, which was twain, was one flesh forever."

A BET.—At Lobo, C. W., says an exchange, a man bet \$40 that he would cut fifty cords in ten hours with a machine just invented there. In nine hours he cut fifty-three cords, and on after trial cut one cord in four minutes and a half. But it don't mention what sort of cords the machine cut.

DIDN'T MIND IT.—The Dean of Canterbury, on a late skating trial, broke through the ice and was precipitated into the water up to the arm-pits. The ardor of his Reverence was not dampened, though his clothes were, and, obtaining a change, he was soon on his skates again, laughing at his mishap.

To get free lodgings—Commit a petty theft.

## THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" AS A GYMNAST.

"But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks."

—RICHARD III.

Says the cardinal in the play—"In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail." Without stopping to discuss the reliability of a lexicon that omits words in that careless manner, I must say that in the dictionary of fat men who aspire to gymnastics that word distinctly occurs. I had my misgivings, but was overpersuaded by my friends. They said gymnastics would develop muscular strength, thus enabling me to hold my flesh in case it attempted to run away. They added, as an additional incentive, that the spectacle of a man who weighs nearly three hundred pounds, doing the horizontal ladder, climbing a slack-rope hand over hand, or suspending his weight by his little finger, would be a "big thing." I asked them how I was to attain that end. "By practice," was the reply; "practice makes perfect." It did. It made a perfect fool of me, as you shall see.

I had never had much taste for feats requiring physical effort, except lifting—lifting with my teeth. The amount of beef, pork, mutton, and vegetables that I have lifted in that way is immense. After hearing Dr. Winship lecture, I practiced lifting a flour barrel with a man inside of it, and finally succeeded in holding it out at arm's length. [I may remark incidentally that the barrel had no heads in it.]

To return to the case in hand (and a case in hand is worth two in the bush): I was deluded into purchasing a season ticket in the gymnasium, and one afternoon I sought the locality. A number were exercising in various ways, and I laid off my coat preparatory to "going in." As I bent down to adjust a pair of slippers, I heard some rapid steps behind me, and the next instant a pair of hands and a man's head fell squarely on my back, a pair of heels smote together in the air, and with a somersault the gymnast regained the ground several feet in advance of me. I assumed an indignant perpendicular, when the fellow turned with well-feigned amazement, and stammered forth an apology. Bent over as I was, he had mistaken me for a heavily padded "wooden horse," which formed a portion of the apparatus.

Desiring to be weighed from time to time, in order that I might note the effect of gymnastics upon my tonnage, I asked one, who was resting after prodigious efforts to wrench his arms off at a lifting machine, if there were scales convenient. He surveyed me for a moment—looked puzzled—and finally replied, hesitatingly: "Yes, I think we can manage it." He led the way to a window overlooking the Ohio canal. "Do you see that building?" said he, pointing to a low structure on the heel path side, extending partly over the canal. I intimated that the fabric in question produced a distinct impression on the optic nerves, and inquired its use. "Weigh-look!" he shrieked; "go and be weighed!"

"Go and be d—d!" I yelled, furious at being thus victimized; but my angry and profane rejoinder was lost in the shout of laughter that went up from the assembled athletes.

Natural abhorrence of jokes, practical or otherwise, is a trait among my people; it runs in the family, like wooden legs. I immediately sought the boss gymnast and related the manner in which I had been introduced to his elevating establishment. I told him I had come there neither to be made a horse of by one nor an ass of by another. He pledged his word that the like should not occur again, and I was appeased.

I first attempted the parallel bars, but they were never intended for men of my breadth. My hands giving way, I became so firmly wedged between the bars that it was necessary to cut one of them away in order to release me. A wag pronounced it a feat without a parallel.

The horizontal bar next claimed my attention. I had seen others hang with their heads down, suspended by their legs alone, and the trick appeared quite easy of execution. I succeeded in suspending myself in the manner indicated, but—*revocacrum gradum*—when I attempted to regain the bar with my hands, it was no go. I was in a perspiration of alarm at once; my legs grew weak; my head swam from the rush of blood; twist and squirm as I would, I couldn't reach the bar with the tip end of a finger even. My head was four or five feet from the ground, so that a fall was likely to break my neck, and when my frantic efforts to clutch the bar with my hands failed, I shrieked in very desperation. Men came running to my aid. They raked the tan bark, with which the ground was strewn, in a pile beneath me, to break my fall as much as possible, and, relaxing my hold of the bar, I came down in a heap, rolled up like a gigantic caterpillar, and dived head and shoulders into the tan bark, where I was nearly smothered before I could be extracted. It was a terrible fright, but I escaped with a few bruises.

My brief career as a gymnast terminated with the "ladder act." I felt unequal to the task of drawing myself up the ladder (which was slightly inclined from the perpendicular), as I had seen others do, but once at the top I believed I could lower myself down. A purchase was rigged in the roof, by which I was hoisted to the top of the ladder, some thirty feet from the ground, when, grasping a round firmly with my hands, the purchase was disconnected from my waist belt, and I began the descent. It was very severe on the arms, and I desired to rest myself by placing my feet on a round, but my protuberant paunch would not permit it. When I had accomplished about half the distance in safety, a round snapped suddenly with the unusual weight. I remember clutching frantically at the next, which broke as did the other; then followed a sensation of falling, succeeded by a collision as between two express trains at full speed, and I knew no more. When I recovered consciousness, I was in my own bed, and four surgeons were endeavoring to set my broken leg with a stump extractor. Gymnastics are a little out of my line.

BIG GAL.—In a school, whose teacher rather prided himself upon his skill in imparting to his pupils a correct knowledge of spelling, upon a certain examination day when the trustees and parents were in attendance upon the exercises, the whole school was put through a course of spelling. The word "Aaron" was given out by a visitor. After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who blated out:—

"Big A little a r-o-n Aaron."

In the course of a few moments all went gaily as a marriage bell, every word being spelled correctly. At last some one gave out the word "Gallery." This was rather a "pozer," being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by-and-by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the expected triumph, spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victor:—

"Big Gal little gal e-r-y ry—Gallery!"

It is needless to say that that effort closed the exercises in spelling, and literally brought down the house.

NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—Now and then they have a regimental Court Martial on the Potomac. One occurred the other day, at which two prisoners were tried. One of them had the novel sentence passed on him, to wear a barrel resting on his shoulders, his head protruding through the top, and to walk, hopped in this manner, to and fro through the camp, for four consecutive days, four hours each day. A punishment of this character, for a violation of military orders or discipline, tells quite severely on a sensitive nature.

PRESIDENTIAL PROPELLERS.—A Syracusean has manufactured a mammoth pair of skates, entirely of hickory, for presentation to President Lincoln. These skates are twenty-six inches long, six inches high, and seven inches wide. There is no steel about them. They are finished with patent leather straps around the skates, and russet straps with silver buckles to fasten them.

## GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XVII.

The second, Gertrude, had light, silky hair,  
Combed backward from a broad and lofty brow;  
Her skin, which was angelically fair,  
Had such a wonderful transparent glow,  
That one might trace the veins, like net-work there.  
That good girl! methinks I see her now,  
With that bright spot of red on either cheek,  
Which of disease and death so plainly speak.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP will make a dark, rough skin "angelically fair" and smooth; but the "wonderful transparent glow" it imparts to the cuticle is not of that sickly nature which betokens "disease and death;" on the contrary, it imparts a freshness and bloom to the cuticle from whence it has removed the Tan, Freckles, Saltiness, Suburn, Pimples, &c., absolutely de-lightful. This soap, besides, can be used in either hard or salt water, and is, therefore, invaluable to bathers. A head of silky, glossy hair, is certainly a great adornment; and this can be easily obtained, (however harsh and wiry it may be) by the application of GOURAUD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, which will also restore hair to places where it has fallen out! GOURAUD'S FLOURIDE SUBTILE, it is well known, will completely re-root, superfluous hair from any part of the human body. GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE is a superb article for crimping, pinking cheeks and lips. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE is a delicate cosmetic for whitening and smoothing the complexion. GOURAUD'S HAIR DYE is the best article ever invented for changing red or grey hair to a beautiful brown or black the instant it is applied.

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ventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of

whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However,

truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my heartless friends,

will find that my Osguent is the only thing that will really force

the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send

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damning habit, these will enable you to do so with but little or no

inconvenience.

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"DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTA-

CHES?"—In 1852 I first asked this question. It was answer-

ed by numerous people; and I ask if any of them ever knew my

Osguent to fail in doing all I claimed for it; namely, that it would

compel the Beard or Moustache to grow upon the smoothest face

within six weeks from the first application. Like all successful in-

ventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of

whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However,

truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my heartless friends,

will find that my Osguent is the only thing that will really force

the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send

it to any part of the country, free of postage, for \$1.

49-1

G. GRAMM, No. 109 Nassau street, N. Y.

Late Charles Edgar &amp; Co. Late J. B. Morphy &amp; Co.

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News and Printing Paper manufactured to order at the shortest

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